

Poetry.

*[From Simms' "Ariettes, or Songs of the South."]***If from my Heart I tear Thee.**

I from my heart I tear thee,
Then fad'ret on my sight;
And when I most forswear thee,
Then most they didst delight—
Yet when I turn to woe thee,
Then thou mockst my heart,
Then floutest when I pursue thee,
Then woe when I'd part!

I.

I seek, in other's smiling,
For loves that warm to mine;
Alas! when most beginning,
Then most they look like thine;
Even brighter beauties only
Remaind me of thy charms;
And my heart is now most lonely,
With another in my arms.

II.

If love to me denys,
Why still to memory cling?
If thus resolved on flying,
Why still look back and sing?
What profit lies to capture,
What still refuse to claim?
Farewell the very rapture
That conserves the reign?

Address on Music.
By Mr. W. B. WATTS.—Delivered at the Catholic Church, Chester, S.C., Sept. 18.

My beloved Audience and Young Ladies, and Gentlemen of the Music Class:

I was not insensible of your compliment in selecting me as your humble speaker for this occasion. It created pleasant thoughts, considering the source from whence it came. Yet, when I reflected that my time was so short—for need I say to this audience, that two weeks was a limited time to a Teacher, whose labors are neither few nor light—I could not but wish that your selection had fallen on some other one. Some one who had both the abilities and time to prepare an Address worthy of the occasion. One which has called forth venerable age with his silvery locks and furrowed cheeks—youth with all his buoyancy, and the thrice welcome applaudists of that sex without whose inspiring influence, "fancy languishes and genius dies."

It is not my intention to discuss the principles of Music—such I would deem preposterous in the presence of you, of you, who amply testified by the manner in which you performed various pieces to-day, that your attainment had not only been accurately directed to its principles by him whose pleasure it has been to instruct you, but that you had fully appreciated his instruction.

But I would simply make a few reflections, should they be not new, but trite and common, on the uses for which Music is designed and the power it possesses to affect and move the heart. How pleasant to reflect on the advancement of Music within the last century. Yes, it is cheering to every one who feels an interest in the social and moral improvement of the race. And may it still continue to advance until every voice within our churches shall become vocal—every community shall have its well organized Band. Yea, until through our own groves and upon our own waters shall float strains sweet "as those that charmed the shady groves of Arendia, or died away upon the slumbering waters of Ezea."

It is all a fable, my friends, that the harp of Orpheus, by its magic tones, checked the rushing stream, bent the mountain oak, and soothed into subdued softness the raging fierceness of the wildest beast of the desert; it is not a fable that music has had power to stay the rushing tide of human passion, as the haughtiness of the most stubborn heart, and lull into gentleness the warlike tumults of the most infatuated mob. If it be a fable that the walls of Thebes rose in beauty and strength at the breathing notes of the Lyre of Amphion; it is not a fable that society in all ages has had the strongest bulwark of its security and happiness erected by the spirit of song. Yes, society is deeply indebted to Music for that contented spirit, that strong cord of social sympathy and ardent love of country, which proves a more powerful safeguard to the liberties of a nation, "than gates of brass, than adamantine walls, or the serrated ranks of encircled troops."

It has been a subject of inquiry, how, when and where, did Music derive its origin? When was the time that it might be said, that "the sweet harmony of sound" first captivated the listener? How many were captivated to-day by that, the sweetest of all instruments, to my ear, a Lady's voice? But when was man first captivated? We learn from classic legends, that a man once walking upon the sea-shore, accidentally touched the dried shell of a dead tortoise, and the vibrating tendons, which had become dry and stretched like the strings of a harp, first gave him the idea of Music. Others say the idea of Music was first derived from the blowing of the wind amid the rustling rushes of the Nile. While others say, that as the groves were the first temples of the Most High, the singing of the birds taught man to worship the Creator by praise. While these ideas may have satisfied the mind of a Grecian, Egyptian, or a Poet's fancy, yet it would look for a higher origin and ask not when it first

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Character of the North Carolinians during the Revolution.

Lord Cornwallis, when left in command of the Southern army by Sir Henry Clinton, was charged, it will be recollect, with the invasion of North Carolina. It was an enterprise in which much difficulty was to be apprehended, both from the character of the people and the country. The original settlers were from various parts, most of them men who had experienced political or religious oppression, and had brought with them a quick sensibility to wrong, a stern appreciation of their rights, and an indomitable spirit of freedom and independence. In the heart of the State, however, as they were called, having emigrated from Scotland to Ireland, and thence to America; and who were said to possess the impulsive nature of the Irishman (*with the pure faith*) and determined resolution of the covenanter.

The early history of the colony abounds with instances of this spirit among its people. "They always behaved insolently to their Governors," complains Gov. Barrington in 1781; "some they have driven out of the country—at other times set up a government of their own choice, supported by men under arms." It was in fact the spirit of popular liberty and self-government which stirred within them, and gave birth to the glorious axiom, "the rights of the many against the exactions of the few." So ripe was this spirit at an early day, that when the boundary line was run, in 1727, between North Carolina and Virginia, the borderers were eager to be included in the former province, "as there they paid no tribute to God or Caesar."

It was this spirit which gave rise to the Confederacy called the Regulation, formed to withstand the abuses of power; and the first blood shed in our country, in resistance to arbitrary taxation, was at Alamance in this province, and Gov. Tryon.

Above all it should never be forgotten, that at Mecklenburg, in the heart of North Carolina, was fulminated the first Declaration of Independence of the British crown, upwards of a year before a like declaration by Congress. *Living's Life of Washington*, v. 4, p. 87.

The Only National Party.
The Democracy profess on all occasions that they are the only national party. A national party is an organization founded upon one or more principles that are alike advocated in all sections of the country. There must be a basis upon which the men act in common who belong to the party. There must be a general plan of policy, and this plan must be common to all sections. Tested by this rule, is the Democratic party a national party? What measures are alike advocated by Democrats in all sections? Is it the slaves' question? The Democracy of the North advocate squatter sovereignty and Congressional non-intervention with slavery in the Territories while the Southern Democracy denounce squatter sovereignty and advocate Congressional intervention to protect slavery in the Territories. They are not agreed in this. Is it the tariff? The President and the Northern Democracy generally advocate a protective tariff with specific duties, while the Southern Democracy repudiate and denounce both. Is it the Pacific Rail Road? They are not agreed upon that. The President and his Northern friends advocate it, while the Southern Democracy are opposed to its construction by the Government. They are not united upon it. So it is with internal improvements by the Government generally. Is it the Cuba question? There is no agreement among the Democracy upon the proper mode of acquiring it than there is among men of other parties. Is it the slaves' question? The whole Northern Democracy are opposed to reopening it. Is it the bankrupt law? Nobody pretends that they are united in regard to that. Is it our foreign relations? Democrats have no common theory or policy concerning that. Is it the spoils of office? If union upon that great question can constitute a national party, then the Democratic party is national. From North to South, from East to West it is harmonious upon the great principle of the spoils. If it goes into the Presidential mæle next year as a national party, it will only be a national scramble for the plunder of the Government. Upon no other question is it united or national. And this is the party that Democratic editors and stump-speakers prate about as the great National Democratic party!

Memphis Bulletin.

The following is a very good recipe for making a hair-wash which will remove dandruff and keep the scalp clean and soft, so as to prevent the hair, in ordinary circumstances, from falling out:

Take one pint of alcohol and a table-spoonful of castor oil, mix them together in a bottle by shaking them well for a few minutes, then scent it with a few drops of oil lavender. Alcohol dissolves castor oil, like gum camphor, leaving the liquid or wash quite clear. It does not seem to dissolve any other unctuous oil so perfect.

began. I regard it as Heaven-born. Intuition forces us to feel that it was the breath or rather the aspiration of the first-created being. From the very instant our own globe was flung into being, then the morning stars sang together and all the sons, the Angels of God, shouted for joy. And from thence nature has kept up the harmonious sound. Creation is full of Music. There is Music in the roar of the thunder—there is Music in the whispering of the wind—there is Music in a schoolboy's laugh—there is Music in a Lady's smile. Or, as the poet says: "There's music in the sighing of a reed: there's music in the falling of a rill; there's music in all things." So were the Germans and Spaniards made familiar with the harp which civilized the rude savage when he was taken in war—that reclaimed the vicious—that softened manners of the austere. Much of this may be exaggeration, but we do know more of the creature of feeling, the power of music is inconceivable.

But the history of modern times abounds with proof of the powerful influence of music. Can there be any one here who is a sceptic as to its power? If such, may I never meet with him, remembering what the poet has said with regard to him, "that has not often had his feelings aroused to an elevated glow of ardor by the pathos of some lofty anthem?" Who has not been moved to contrition by the melting strains of some penitential song? How much of the interest of the service of the sanctuary depends on the Music. And if there is one thing that damps a minister's fervor, it is this cold, unfeeling, discordant music. And if a people would wish their pastor to speak with a warm heart, with a fluent tongue, let them send up from every portion of the house, a heart-feeling concordant song of praise.

My friends, my task is performed. I have endeavored to contribute my mite to the interest of the occasion.

There is something pleasant connected with Music. And may the sweet associations you and I have enjoyed during this school, be permanent, may they not be transient as the vernal shower, may they not be fleeting as the dew of morning; but may they be indelibly fixed on the tablet of the memory, and during the checkered scenes of life may we love to recur to them as the pleasant moments of the past.

Coret Speaking.

We advise all young people to acquire in early life the habit of using good language, both in speaking and writing, and to abandon, as early as possible, any use of slang words and phrases. The longer they live, the more difficult the acquisition of such language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim of neglected education is very probably doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads, instead of the slang which he hears, to form his taste from the best speakers and poets of the country, to treasure up choice phrases in his memory, and to cultivate himself to their use, avoiding, at the same time, that pedantic precision and boombast which show rather the weakness of vain ambition than the polish of an educated mind.

To Measure the Height of Trees.

Take two straight sticks of equal length—any convenient length less than the length of the arm—place them in the form of a carpenter's square, preserving as nearly as possible a right angle, holding one stick in a horizontal stick at the eye with the angle held in the hand exactly extended in front. Then walk backwards from the tree to be measured, on ground as nearly level as the case admits of, until a line from the eye to the top of the perpendicular stick shall cut the top of the tree, and the distance from the observer to the tree will be the height of the tree above the level of the eye. The impossibility of keeping the sticks at an exact perpendicular and horizontal, is all that interferes with perfect accuracy—allowing the trees to stand perpendicular. The accuracy is sufficient for many practical purposes, and will often enable the woodman to determine before he cuts a tree whether it will answer for the purpose for which he intends it.—*Bath Organ.*

How to Know Good Fathers.

It is a good sign and true, when you see amid a little group of boys, one to dart from the rest, and toss his arms about his head, shout, "There's my father!" as he runs to meet him. You may be sure, no matter what business troubles sever that man may have, that there is a spot in his heart still fresh and green, which the cares of the world have had no power to blight. "There's my father!" with what a pretty pride the little fellow shouts this!—He must be indeed a brute, whose fatherly heart does not swell with love, whose eyes do not glisten, who does not at such a moment, feel amply repaid for that day's toil, nor matter how wearisome. After all, *Love* is the only thing worth having in this world.—They who stand over new made graves tell us so. Home and money, and ambition, dwindle to nothing beside the calm brow of death, though God knows it may be but the youngling of the flock, whose lips have never learned to syllable our name.—*N. Y. Lead.*

And does not the student of history know, that no class of men exerted such a potent influence in the early history of every nation, as the Musician and Bard? Is not the same natural taste seen in the all-absorbing, delighted attention of the infant long before it can comprehend speech? Is it not also seen in the young group that collects around the strolling player that infests our streets? Nay, the fact, that music is desired at every public exhibition or association—at every military display or social party, proves that there is something in the breast demanding the harmony of sounds. And that man—the Music Teacher—is doing the work of a philanthropist—a work which ought to enlist the co-operation of the Christian and the patriot—who

cannon's peal—ye valleys, that heard the dying groans of a Butler—ye, that witnessed the expiring sighs of a Dickinson—what think ye of Martial Music? The voice comes from every blood-stained field, testifying that it was that which sustained the soldier—animated the hero in the dying struggle.

These allusions to the power of Martial Music will be considered only as illustrations. May the time quickly come, when its influence in such cause may no longer be needed; when war, with it the war-cry, may no more be heard. And Music may be confined to its legitimate use—to soften, refine

With pleasure then, let us turn to contemplate its use in a sacred point of view. In the worship of the house of God it is a most powerful auxiliary to influence the heart of the worshipper. It soothes the feelings, calls in the unholowness wanderings of the thoughts, inspires the heart to a spirit of devotion. Who is here, that has not often had his feelings aroused to an elevated glow of ardor by the pathos of some lofty anthem? Who has not been moved to contrition by the melting strains of some penitential song? How much of the interest of the service of the sanctuary depends on the Music. And if there is one thing that damps a minister's fervor, it is this cold, unfeeling, discordant music. And if a people would wish their pastor to speak with a warm heart, with a fluent tongue, let them send up from every portion of the house, a heart-feeling concordant song of praise.

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To the Game of Scandal.

BY ANNA CORA RITCHIE.

Have you ever played at "Scandal"? Friend? Pure must the heart be that feels no sudden pang of conscience at that bomb-like question. But the startling query, in this instance, mildly refers to a game called "Scandal," the delight of juveniles "too joyous to be very wise." Yet is there wisdom and warning enough in the game itself to force the conclusion that its origin was in the brain of some sage satirist who had a sober moral with a sportive mask.

The players sit in a row,—the one whispering to his companion neighbor whispers the news, as he hears it, to the one next to him, who conveys the intelligence, still in a whisper, to the one nearest; thus it is imparted again and again until it reaches the end of the line. As the sentence is transmitted from mouth to mouth, it is unintentionally unavoidably altered; the words have been incorrectly caught by the listening ear—with each repetition they undergo a change—by the time the sentence has travelled to its journey's close it has passed through so many strange mutations that it bears not the slightest resemblance to the bane of this popular, death-dealing game? Who fear it is one almost too simple to strike—yet simplest herbs have counteracted deadliest poisons. It lies in resolutely setting our faces against crediting any injurious rumor, by the reflection that the story is, in all probability, an illustration of the marvelous metamorphoses wrought by that magical game of "scandal" which we, and all the world, are merrily playing.

Stephen Allen's Pocket-Picoo.

In the pocket-book of the Hon. Stephen Allen, who was drowned several years ago by a steamboat disaster on the Hudson river, was found a printed slip, apparently cut from a newspaper, of which the following is a copy:

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A Curious Story.

CHICAGO, April 16, 1859.

The schooner Ozelle, Capt. Marvin, master, arrived at Racine, Wisconsin, yesterday morning, from Marquette, Lake Superior, having on board a young lady, Miss Sophia Richardson, formerly of Cleveland, Ohio, who for the last three years has been living in solitude upon desolate and uninhabited island in Lake Superior, near the British coast, and northwest from Isle Royal, upon which she was cast away in the spring of 1856.

I was in Racine when the schooner arrived, and Captain Marvin, who is an old and valued friend of mine, was kind enough to introduce me to this young lady, whose adventures have been so remarkable; and from whom I have obtained permission to make public the facts which follow. Miss Richardson is apparently about 22 years old. Her countenance, without being positively handsome, is pleasing in its expression; her air and manner are well bred; and, although when I saw her she was arrayed in garments that were anything but fashionable and elegant, and her hands were roughened and browned by exposure and toil, it was impossible not to perceive she was an educated and intelligent lady.

On May 1, 1856, the bark Mary, Captain Edward, sailed from Cleveland, Ohio, bound for Green Bay, with a cargo of provisions, dry goods and hardware. The crew consisted of 8 men, including the captain and mate. The latter, Mr. George Richardson, was the cousin of the young lady above mentioned, and it was under his charge that she embarked with the intention of meeting at Green Bay her affianced husband, Daniel Ashwill, who had been living at Green Bay for a year, and to whom she was to be married on her arrival there. Miss Richardson was the daughter of a respectable and tolerably wealthy family, and she sailed with a stock of clothing amply sufficient for her requirements for a year or more. This was a prudent and economical measure, when the scarcity and dearness of her destined home is remembered, and as it afterwards proved, was the means of securing her from much suffering and privation. The cargo of the bark was made up of pork, flour, groceries, mining tools, and several bales of blankets, buffalo robes and heavy clothing.

The commencement of the voyage was pleasant, and nothing occurred to destroy the anticipations of happiness indulged in by Miss Richardson, until the vessel had passed the Manitouline Islands, and was about to enter the Straits of Mackinaw. They passed the Great Manitouline just at dark, and immediately afterwards were assailed by a terrific storm, surpassing in violence anything which Miss Richardson had before seen. During the morning of this day the Captain tapped a barrel of whisky which was in his cabin, of the contents of which he and the man had copiously partaken. Contrary to their usual custom, they had retired to sleep immediately after supper, leaving the helm in charge of a sailor named "Dan." Miss Richardson is of the opinion that the whisky had circulated among the crew as well as the officers, and that they were all under its influence. At all events, the storm continued to increase in violence, and the vessel was driven from her course. When at length the captain and mate were aroused and brought on deck, the former announced that they had been driven through the Middle Channel, and were then nearly opposite Sault Ste. Marie. He took the helm, saying he would keep the bark beating about in Tequamenon Bay until morning. Either he was mistaken in his calculations, or was unable to manage his vessel, for when morning broke, they discovered they were in the neighborhood of a large island, the name of which Miss Richardson has forgotten, but which the captain said was 150 miles from the Sault. (This was probably Michigamme Island.) The storm appeared to increase in violence, and the vessel began to feel its effects. Miss Richardson was in great alarm and dismay, which were not at all lessened when her cousin informed her that the bark was leaking badly, and that she was in imminent danger of sinking. She does not remember all that transpired after this, as she was in great distress both of mind and body; but after some hours had passed, she was summoned to the deck, and saw that the bark must soon strike upon what she was told was an island. The rudder of the vessel had become unshipped or broken, her rigging was torn to tatters, and the captain said their only hope was to wait until she struck, then to leap into the water and trust to the waves to wash them upon the shore. The yawl had been stowed in a heavy sea some time before. The vessel was about a mile from the land, while immediately in front of her arose a low line of broken and jagged rocks. The only life-preserver on board was given to Miss Richardson, who inflated it and tied it beneath her arms. The bark struck with immense force upon the rocks, and appeared to stick fast, either upon the sand or between the breakers. The captain and the crew leaped overboard as she struck, and Miss Richardson and her cousin were about to follow, when a spar from the broken and shattered mast fell to the deck, striking the agate upon the head and instantly killing him. Miss Richardson's courage forsook her at this awful sight, and she sank insensible upon the deck.

From this point I give the narrative in her own words, copied from the notes which I took during our interview. How long I remained in this position I cannot say, but when I regained my senses, I saw that the storm was dying away, and the vessel was still

sticking fast where she struck. At my side lay George, his face covered with blood, and his eyes staring wide in death. I almost fainted again at the sight, but with a strong effort I repressed my feelings and got upon my feet. The waves were yet rolling heavily, but as I looked upwards the clouds broke away, and the sun beamed down upon me. I knew that the water would become more tranquil as night approached, and I hoped that if the captain and crew had reached the shore, they would endeavor to rescue me. I went into the hold, and observed that the leak did not increase. The seams of the vessel were open, and her timbers were strained and broken, but she appeared to be so tightly jammed between the rocks that she could not sink. The wind blew strongly towards the shore, and I saw spars and barrels thrown upon the land by the waves, and then washed off again by the returning sea.

Hours passed by and I saw and heard nothing of the captain or the crew. I was alone with the dead. The thought became unbearable, and I resolved to leave the wreck and endeavor to reach the land. I brought up my trunks from the cabin, and lashed one to each end of the spar which had killed poor George. Then with infinite difficulty I had provisions sufficient for three or four years. I had already learned to catch fish, and to cook my pork and flour without the aid of dishes or stoves. With the fragments of the wreck, and some of my empty barrels and boxes, I made a low hut, which I covered with sand to the depth of a foot. One end of this was closed, the other was fitted with a door made from the lids of my two trunks; over my barrels and boxes of goods I stretched a sail, fastening it down by means of stakes. And thus I had a sheltered and comfortable room into which I could get into the water, which had now become comparatively calm. Summoning up all my resolution I lowered myself into the waves. The life-preserver supported me admirably, and I managed to reach the spar to which my trunks were tied. The wind carried me slowly towards the breakers. There were passages between the rocks, and fortunately I was floated through one of these and finally thrown upon the shore. I was terribly lacerated and exhausted, but managed to crawl up on the sand out of the reach of the waves, and then laid down with a full and grateful heart. After resting for perhaps half an hour, I untied my trunks, and rolled them upon the bank. The shore was covered with casks and boxes, and I succeeded in securing some of them. This fatigued me excessively, as I was then unused to labor, and was not so robust as I now am.

Night was approaching. My garments were wet, and I began to shiver with cold and hunger. I had eaten nothing except some biscuits, which I had devoured just before leaving the wreck. The loneliness and danger of my situation rushed upon me. I did not know what would become of me. I feared I should perish with cold and hunger. I knelt down upon the sand and tried to pray, but no words came to my lips. I arose again in utter wretchedness and walked towards the water. A dark bale of goods was tossing near the shore, and I saw that by venturing into the water a short distance I could save it. I made the attempt, and got the bale to land, but its weight prevented me from rolling it out of the waves. My scissars were around my neck, and I cut off the covering of the bale. It was composed of buffalo robes, and the sight inspired me with new hope. I cut the cords which bound it together, and carried the robes, one on shore. Some of them were wet, but three were warm and dry. I opened my trunks, took off my wet apparel, and replaced it by dry clothing. Then, making a bed of two of my buffalo robes, I wrapped myself in the other, and prepared to pass my first night upon my desolate island. The horrors of my situation, my uncertain fate, and my grief for my poor cousin, for a while deprived me of sleep—but at length I fell into a deep slumber, from which I did not awake until the sun of the next morning shone into my face.

The wreck had disappeared. I suppose that during the night the wind had again arisen, and tossed the vessel to pieces upon the rocks. The wind still came towards the shore, and every few moments a wave would throw upon the sand fragments of the wreck, or portions of her cargo. I felt strong and refreshed, but very hungry, and I knew not what I could make my breakfast. I began to renew my former labor of rolling the barrels and boxes out of the way of the returning waves. My hands were torn and bleeding, and my limbs soon ached with the unaccustomed fatigue but I persevered, as I could not bear to see so much property swallowed up by the waves. Among the boxes was one marked "sardines." I forced the lid off with a stone, and feasted my eyes upon my treasure. But, shut up in their little tin boxes, the fish were as useless to me as if they were in the bottom of the lake. My hunger increased, and I sat down upon my buffalo bed and gave way to tears. Suddenly, I remembered, that in one of my trunks, I had a newly invented chisel for copper cutting, which my father had sent as a present to Mr. Ashwill, who was engaged in the mines. I found it, and broke open one of the boxes of sardines, and enjoyed a delicious and refreshing meal. My hunger satisfied, I again went to work, and spent all that day in saving such as I was able to handle.

The next day I occupied in collecting together the goods which I had saved. I found that I had eight barrels of pork, two kegs of lard, twelve barrels of flour, two kegs of sugar, several boxes of candy, candles, raisins, and dried herring, my box of sardines, another bale of buffalo robes, a box of dry goods, needles, pins, thread, yarn, &c.; a box of mining hatchets, a box of heavy clothing, and a bale of blankets.

On the third day I explored my island. I found it entirely uninhabited, as far as I could then judge, and I afterwards ascertained this to be true. The shore was sandy and barren. Half a mile from the lake there were short and scrubby trees, which grew larger and larger as you advanced. On this day, also, the waves threw

within a few rods of where the sheep had been left.—*Napa Reporter.*

The Iredell Express.

EUGENE B. MALE & SON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS

STATESVILLE,
Friday, May 6, 1859.

Promises to return \$500.

W. A. Jurney, Esq., is our duly authorized agent for Iredell county, to receive subscriptions for the *Express* and sign receipts in the names of the publishers. He will also attend to making collections for our office.

FOR CONGRESS.

GEN. J. M. LEACH,
OF DAVIDSON COUNTY.

The Way the Money Goes.

The profligate Administration of Mr. Buchanan, Democratic President of the United States—for whom Hon. A. M. Scales voted and whom he upholds in policy and endorsement—has been a curse to any country, for corruption and wastefulness with the People's money. Take, for instance, the following example furnished by the records in Washington City, at the instance of a Committee of Congress, and being official is incontrovertible :

At Niagara 19 men are employed at an expense of \$12,000 to collect \$8,000—at Oswego 23 at \$18,000 to collect \$6,000—at Buffalo 20 men at \$17,000 to collect \$10,000—at Plattsburgh 26 men at \$14,000 to collect \$18,000—at Burlington 33 men at \$16,000 to collect \$8,500—at Wisconsin 8 men at \$7,000 to collect \$130 at Portage 21 men at \$11,000 to collect \$5,000—at Newbernport 13 men at \$10,200 to collect \$9,000 at Marquette 9 men \$2,200 to collect \$250—at N. Bedford 14 men at \$6,500 to collect \$4,800—at South Amherst 13 men at \$4,500 to collect \$1,500—at Norfolk 23 men at \$9,000 to collect \$91,000—at Oneida 7 men \$2,000 to collect \$82—at Toledo 7 men \$4,400 to collect \$867—at Davis 10 men \$3,700 to collect \$465—at San Francisco 124 men \$4,200 to collect \$155,000—at Benicia 3 men \$4,400 to collect \$2,300—Stockton 1 man at \$3,100 to collect \$1,420—at Sacramento 1 man at \$3,500 to collect \$3—at Monterey 3 men at \$7,050 to collect \$4,500 at San Pedro 6 men 4,200 to collect 304.

At length, I passed three long and lonely years. I kept a journal during this unhappy period, and this was my only recreation. My books, and even my bible, were left in the vessel. During these three years I saw but seven vessels. They either did not see or would not regard my signals; my anguish on these occasions was indeed indescribable. The thoughts of home, and of the friends who were now mourning me as among the dead, would rush upon me with overpowering force, and my misery seemed too heavy for me to bear.

At length, I knew not on what day, but by my calculations on the 25th of February, my island was visited by six Menominee Indians. They had crossed from the British shore, partly in their canoes and partly on the ice. They were as much surprised to find me upon the island as I was delighted to see a human face again. We could not understand each other, but they made signs that I should go with them. I was in their power, but I was willing to go, as I conceived that by their means I might finally obtain my release and restoration. They returned with me to the British coast, which I think is not more than twenty or twenty-five miles from the island. They conducted me in a two days' journey, to a French trading post, where for the first time in three years, I found myself in the company of civilized men. I was received with kindness, and soon forwarded to Fort William. The commander of this fort entertained me with a great deal of hospitality, until the lake became open, when he despatched me to Marquette, from which point Capt. Marvin has conducted me hither. At the Sault I learned that Mr. Ashwill had returned to Cleveland, and I am now on my way thither."

Such, Mr. Editor, is this remarkable and interesting narrative. The journal kept by the young lady is well written, and no doubt would prove an attractive and readable book if published. I intimated this to her, but her modesty appeared to dissent from that opinion. She came to Chicago in the same train with your correspondent, and left to-night for Cleveland, her kind friend Capt. Marvin having furnished her with the means of pursuing her journey. She will be received at her home as one risen from the dead.

A Wonderful Penman.

The Paris correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune writes as follows: "There is a writing master here, one Thaforet by name, who has such a command of his pen that he is able to copy a bank note in all of its details, with such nicety as to defy the tellers of the bank themselves. A collector of curiosities called on M. Thaforet one day, and asked him for a five hundred franc bank note. 'Willingly,' replied the writing master, 'but I must tell you that I shall charge two thousand francs for it, and the original is always better than my copy.' And Louis Philippe's children had a writing-master named Sylvestre, who copied a thousand franc note so exactly that it was impossible to tell it from the genuine. He gave it to the Count d'Argout, who was then the Governor of the Bank of France. 'M. Sylvestre, replied the Governor, when he held the note in his hand, 'accept this original note of a thousand francs for your copy, which we shall keep in our archives; but do not be surprised if we instantly place you and keep you for life under the surveillance of the police.' And the Count d'Argout did as Sylvestre was forced to appeal to Louis Philippe before he could have this disagreeable measure annulled."

Four Panthers Killed.

A gentleman, living near Santa Rosa, discovered one evening, considerable tumult among his flock of sheep. Going among them to discover the cause, he found a couple of them with their throats cut and dying. Imagining this destruction to be the work of wild animals, he cut them open, and secreted a lot of strichnine in their bodies. The next morning he found the poison had done its work. Four panthers, measuring not less than eight feet from tip to tip, were discovered

in a state of inebriation, and consequently without the least knowledge of what they were doing. That's what you call justice and liberty is it? Shame upon such justice and liberty and those who practice it!"

Acquittal of Sickles.

The telegraph has announced that Daniel E. Sickles was, on the 26th April last, acquitted by the jury for killing Philip Barton Key, and was set at liberty forthwith. The following contains the details of the acquittal, and what followed:

"The District Attorney concluded his argument at 12 o'clock, by taking the Post Master's Report, to establish, that the money got lost in the mail, was not the sum of the sheet with postage or a wafer. The postage taken was \$1.00.

"The Judge then submitted instructions, and the jury retired. After an absence of an hour and fifteen minutes, they returned into court and rendered a verdict of 'not guilty.'

This announcement was received with a most uncontrollable burst of applause, all efforts on the part of the officers of the Court to suppress it showing utterly futile.

A feeling of the most intense satisfaction rapidly spread over the city, and in a few moments Pennsylvania Avenue was almost entirely desolated.

Thousands rushed to Judiciary Square, and followed the carriage containing Mr. Sickles from the court house to its stopping point, which was next door to his own residence. Here an immense multitude greeted his arrival, and upon his alighting, the air resounded with cheers.

Never before was there so universal excitement in Washington. A general feeling of satisfaction was manifested in all circles at

There will be a grand demonstration tonight, and a send-off of Mr. Sickles's counsel.

We are glad that Sickles' was cleared,

that part of it was proper and right; but to lionize him in his terrible misfortunes, with life spared to him, is disgusting enough, and but proves the true character of the simpletons engaging in it. A deep solemnity upon the minds of the people of this country, provided all the corruption of the Democratic Administrations since the memorable days of Martin Van Buren could, be laid bare—even James Buchanan's gambling and malice! This is cause sufficient for the People to rise with indignation, and rebuke through the ballot-box—that terror to evils—rebuke we say the political charlatans that would once again ask at their hands a re-election to office, from President to Congressman. We care not how fair a man's standing be, previous to his keeping bad company, his reputation must suffer when he is found with associates of bad repute, and his patriotism must fail in consequence.

But it is whispered, loud enough to generally heard all over the land, that, in a moral point of view, Sickles has no better standing than his wife has, and that with equal justice she in turn might slay several rivals.

We therefore want to see a re-action in the public sentiment in favor of the woman, and not for the man to have all the sympathy—that was well enough while his head was in the noose of the halter, but now he being at liberty, sympathy belongs not more to one than the other.

College Examination.

The examination of young ladies receiving instruction at Concord College, Statesville, will take place on Thursday the 28th of May (instant) and will close the day following with a concert and graduating exercises. The public is invited to attend.

County Temperance Meeting.

We are requested to state that the Third Quarterly Meeting of the Iredell County Temperance Society, will take place at Bethesda Church, on the 11th day of May (instant), at 11 o'clock. A sermon is expected from Rev. W. B. Pressly and addresses from other gentlemen of ability. An interesting meeting is contemplated and the friends of Temperance and the public generally are invited to attend.

Tobacco Culture.

There was published in the *Express* last week, a short but pertinent communication upon the subject of *Tobacco Culture* in this portion of the State, written by a gentleman of sound experience and much observation, and therefore his views are worth much. We have besides been informed by gentlemen who have traveled through portions of Iredell, Rowan, Wilkes and other counties from the tobacco-growing regions of North Carolina and Virginia, that much of the soil in these counties is as well adapted to tobacco culture as lands that produce the article in abundance, and of superior quality elsewhere—and they expressed their surprise that our farmers would not go in for tobacco crops.

We believe, however, that a few farmers in Iredell and Rowan will embark in the business of growing tobacco this year, and right sure we are that they will find their reward in it. Mr. J. H. Dalton of Iredell, we forgot earlier to remark, has cultivated tobacco extensively on his farm in the north part of Iredell for many years, and he informed us that it paid well—he has also an extensive manufacture and puts up an article of twist equal to the best Virginia brands, for which he finds good sale in southern markets.

Last summer we saw as fine leaf in Mr. Dalton's establishment, which was grown in Iredell, as we ever met with in the great tobacco markets of St. Louis and Baltimore, where we have examined immense quantities of tobacco from several States. The tobacco crop will withstand more vicissitudes than any other crop almost, is easily conveyed to market, and will always command a good price, according to grade. While we would not urge farmers to pay less attention to other crops, we would suggest that their interests might be materially benefited by the cultivation of tobacco on some portion of their farms, and give it fair trial. They now have good railroad facilities and accessible markets, and can choose the best country for their farms, and derive benefit from the shipment, &c.

Another case. Tiffany, Cochran and others, engaged in a five million dollar speculation, and in the plunder of Mexico, procured the appointment of McLane, of Baltimore, and the brother-in-law of Tiffany, as Minister to Mexico, who will carry out their schemes of robbery.

Sad Affair—Two Boys Poisoned.

A sad affair happened in Hermon village on Friday the 6th, resulting in two deaths. It seems that two boys, one a son of Mr. Ladd, and the other a son of Mr. Kinney, went to work in a garden with a spade, and dug up a root known commonly as a muskrat root. After washing the root they went to Ladd's barn and ate freely of the same. A short time after, the son of Mr. Ladd fell sick and started for home. After arriving there he was taken with cramps, frothing at the mouth, and other evidences of poison, and died shortly after in great agony.

The other boy started for home at the same time across lots, and was found in a field an hour afterwards. He probably became weak from the effects of the poison, and fell where he was afterwards found.

The ground near him was considerably torn and rooted up, the result of his struggles during the spasms. He was taken home and died soon afterwards. Both boys were buried on Saturday, the 9th.—*Col. Bul.*

Rather Bold.

A gentleman on his way from Boston to Vermont, stopped at a tavern where he met

Bishop Davis.

The Colleton and Beaufort Sun, of the 27th ultimo, makes the following announcement, which will be read with interest:

"On Sunday last, Rev. Mr. Bellinger announced to his congregation the melancholy fact, that the Rev. Bishop Davis of the Diocese of South Carolina, had almost entirely lost his sight. His only hope is by an operation for cataract."

The imports of foreign dry goods and general merchandise for the week ending on the 25th ult., amounted to \$5,683,802; since 1st January to \$74,377,371; just double the amount for the same period last year.

Peace or War.

We are permitted to make the following extract from a private letter, says the New York Commercial, written by an American gentleman now on the continent of Europe to his friend in this city, the writer being in position we believe to observe correctly the current of affairs:

"In spite of the Congress to be assembled, there will be no peace. Neither France nor Austria wants peace. The peace party of Europe is confined to the Derby Ministry in England, to the anti-Austrian Regency party in Berlin, and to the Stock Exchange. The Derby Ministry is now powerless. Russia will remain neutral until Austria is attacked at home, and Russia aims at nothing but the humiliation of Austria."

"It is necessary even in a financial point of view. It is the only means of avoiding national bankruptcy, the only decent excuse for not paying the interest on the public debt in Austria, or making a new loan in France. The war, however, may be confined to Austria and France. In no case will the Emperor of France provoke a coalition."

Markets

Statesville Market—May 5, 1859.

[CORRECTED WEEKLY BY J. E. ALEXANDER & CO.]

Bacon	0.10	(#0.12)	Feathers	0.25	(#0.40)
Beef	0.40	(#0.5)	Flour	4.50	(#5.00)
Beeswax	0.22	(#0.25)	Flaeshead	1.00	
Butter	0.15	(#0.18)	Hides, dry	0.12	
Coffee	0.14	(#0.16)	Green	0.06	
Candles			Hard	0.10	(#0.12)
Tallow	0.25		Linen	0.30	(#0.35)
Adamantine	0.30	(#0.35)	Molasses	0.40	(#0.45)
Corn	0.75	(#0.80)	Nails	0.06	(#0.07)
Chickens	0.10	(#0.12)	Pearls	0.75	(#0.80)
Dried Apples			Rags	0.02	
peeled	1.10		Rice	0.06	
Dried Peaches			Salt	2.25	(#0.90)
peeled	3.80		Sugar	0.12	(#0.11)
unpeeled	1.60		Tea	0.18	(#0.20)
Eggs, doz. 0.10			Tallow	0.10	(#0.12)
Wheat	0.35	(#0.45)	Wheat	0.35	(#0.45)

Charlotte Market—May 3, 1859.

[CORRECTED WEEKLY BY J. E. ALEXANDER & CO.]

Bacon	0.10	(#0.12)	Rye	0.80	(#0.00)
Beef	0.40	(#0.5)	Peas	0.70	(#0.00)
Beeswax	0.22	(#0.25)	Dates	0.45	(#0.00)
Butter	0.15	(#0.18)	Meal	0.78	
Coffee	0.14	(#0.16)	Hides		
Candles			Hides		
Adamantine	0.30	(#0.35)	Holy	0.12	(#0.13)
Corn	0.75	(#0.80)	Green	0.05	(#0.06)
Chickens	0.10	(#0.12)	Iron		
Dried Apples			Iron		
peeled	1.10		Iron		
Dried Peaches			Iron		
peeled	3.80		Iron		
unpeeled	1.60		Iron		
Eggs, doz. 0.10			Iron		
Wheat	0.35	(#0.45)	Iron		

Salisbury Market—May 3, 1859.

[CORRECTED WEEKLY BY J. E. ALEXANDER & CO.]

Apples	0.50	(#0.125)	Molasses		
Bacon	0.10	(#0.11)	Cuba	0.37	(#0.45)
Bacon	0.20	(#0.25)	Oil, Ord.	0.55	(#0.65)
Candles			Musco	0.45	(#0.50)
Adamantine	0.24	(#0.30)	Nails	0.05	(#0.06)
Coffee			Oats	0.40	(#0.50)
Rio	0.12	(#0.14)	Tanners	0.50	(#0.95)
Lagurado	0.14	(#0.16)	Rags	0.02	
Java	0.18	(#0.20)	Salt	0.17	(#0.175)
Cotton			Sugar	0.08	
Fair to good	0.11	(#0.00)	Tea	0.08	(#0.11)
Fair to good	0.11	(#0.00)	Wheat	0.15	(#0.15)
Fair to good	0.10	(#0.10)	Wheat	0.15	(#0.15)
Flour			Wheat	0.15	(#0.15)
Ex. sup.			Wheat	0.15	(#0.15)
In blds. 5.50	(#0.60)		Wheat	0.15	(#0.15)
In bags 2.50	(#0.90)		Wheat	0.15	(#0.15)
Superf. 2.25	(#0.90)		Wheat	0.15	(#0.15)
Flour	2.25	(#0.90)			
Ex. sup.					
In blds. 5.50	(#0.60)				
In bags 2.50	(#0.90)				
Superf. 2.25	(#0.90)				
Flour	2.25	(#0.90)			
Ex. sup.					
In blds. 5.50	(#0.60)				
In bags 2.50	(#0.90)				
Superf. 2.25	(#0.90)				
Flour	2.25	(#0.90)			
Ex. sup.					
In blds. 5.50	(#0.60)				
In bags 2.50	(#0.90)				
Superf. 2.25	(#0.90)				
Flour	2.25	(#0.90)			
Ex. sup.					
In blds. 5.50	(#0.60)				
In bags 2.50	(#0.90)				
Superf. 2.25	(#0.90)				
Flour	2.25	(#0.90)			
Ex. sup.					
In blds. 5.50	(#0.60)				
In bags 2.50	(#0.90)				
Superf. 2.25	(#0.90)				
Flour	2.25	(#0.90)			
Ex. sup.					
In blds. 5.50	(#0.60)				
In bags 2.50	(#0.90)				
Superf. 2.25	(#0.90)				
Flour	2.25	(#0.90)			
Ex. sup.					
In blds. 5.50	(#0.60)				
In bags 2.50	(#0.90)				
Superf. 2.25	(#0.90)				
Flour	2.25	(#0.90)			
Ex. sup.					
In blds. 5.50	(#0.60)				
In bags 2.50	(#0.90)				
Superf. 2.25	(#0.90)				
Flour	2.25	(#0.90)			
Ex. sup.					
In blds. 5.50	(#0.60)				
In bags 2.50	(#0.90)				
Superf. 2.25	(#0.90)				
Flour	2.25	(#0.90)			
Ex. sup.					
In blds. 5.50	(#0.60)				
In bags 2.50	(#0.90)				
Superf. 2.25	(#0.90)				
Flour	2.25	(#0.90)			
Ex. sup.					
In blds. 5.50	(#0.60)				
In bags 2.50	(#0.90)				
Superf. 2.25	(#0.90)				
Flour	2.25	(#0.90)			
Ex. sup.					
In blds. 5.50	(#0.60)				
In bags 2.50	(#0.90)				
Superf. 2.25	(#0.90)				
Flour	2.25	(#0.90)			
Ex. sup.					
In blds. 5.50	(#0.60)				
In bags 2.50	(#0.90)				
Superf. 2.25	(#0.90)				
Flour	2.25	(#0.90)			
Ex. sup.					
In blds. 5.50	(#0.60)				
In bags 2.50	(#0.90)				
Superf. 2.25	(#0.90)				
Flour	2.25	(#0.90)			
Ex. sup.					
In blds. 5.50	(#0.60)				
In bags 2.50	(#0.90)				
Superf. 2.25	(#0.90)				
Flour	2.25	(#0.90)			
Ex. sup.					
In blds. 5.50	(#0.60)				
In bags 2.50	(#0.90)				
Superf. 2.25	(#0.90)				
Flour	2.25	(#0.90)			
Ex. sup.					
In blds. 5.50	(#0.60)				
In bags 2.50	(#0.90)				
Superf. 2.25	(#0.90)				
Flour	2.25	(#0.90)			
Ex. sup.					
In blds. 5.50	(#0				

Ploughing.
The foundation of the year's work
is every thorough breaking and turning of
the ground. One good plowing will
put the ground in better condition for
cropping than three imperfectly done.
Indeed no after pains can remedy the
deficiencies. It is of the utmost impor-
tance, then, to be prepared in every
point for the proper execution of so
heavy a part of the farm labor.

Turn a furrow of seven inches deep
at the least, and the nearer it approaches
to twelve inches, the better. There
may be soils that form exceptions to
the rule of deep ploughing; and which
require from some peculiarity in the
sub-soil, a gradual deepening. In our
own experience we have met none
such. We have, without fear, thrown
up four inches of the clay sub-soil,
which had never seen the light before,
on the surface of a bed of ten inches,
and, with moderate manuring, made
the best crop of corn the land had pro-
duced within the memory of living men.
We look upon a deep soil as the very
first requisite of the successful culti-
vation of almost every crop. Summer
crops, so very uncertain on a shallow-
soil, are almost insured against the vic-
issitudes of the season in a deep one.
We do not think the all important corn
crop would fail of a good yield one
year in twenty, planted on a bed of
twelve inches in depth.

Inconsiderate ploughmen, by laying
off their work in short lands, consume
a very large proportion of time at the
turnings. There is a strong predilec-
tion on the part of negro ploughmen
to work the short way of a piece of
ground, when they have their choice.
A little observation and calculation
will show the great advantage of
ploughing in long lands.

On the tobacco plantation, the to-
bacco ground, if in sod, should be
ploughed first; it is bad practice to
leave this work till after corn-planting
to save the labor of a second ploughing.
This crop is of too much value
to allow any risk of imperfect prepara-
tion. An early growth of plants may
oblige you to hurry unduly; or a dry
season make it very difficult to get the
ground properly prepared so late a
period. If all be thoroughly broken
now, there will be no difficulty, after
corn-planting, in putting it in the best
order as fast as the plants are ready
for setting out.

Items for Housekeepers.
Do everything in its proper time.
Keep everything in its place. Always
mend clothes before washing them.

Alum or vinegar is good to set col-
ors of red, green or yellow.

Salt-soda will bleach, one spoonful is
enough for a kettle of clothes.

Saves yourselfs for garden and plants,
or to harden yards when sandy.

Wash your tea trays with cold soda,
polish with a little flour, and with a
dry cloth.

Frozen potatoes make more starch
than fresh ones, they make nice cake.

A hot shovel, held over-burnished
furniture, will take out white spots.

A bit of glue, dissolved in skim milk
and water, will restore rusty old crapes.

Ribbons of any kind should be wash-
ed in cold soups; and not rinsed.

If your flat irons are rough, rub
them well with fine salt, and it will
make them smooth.

If you are buying a carpet for dur-
ability, you must choose small figures.

A bit of soap rubbed on the hinges
of doors will prevent their creaking.

Scotch snuff put on the holes where
creckets come out will destroy them.

Wood ashes and common salt, wet
with water, will stop the cracks of a
stove, and prevent the smoke from
escaping.

Green should be the prevailing col-
or of bed hangings and window drapery.

LIVELY STABLE,
Statesville, N. C.

We having obtained the extensive Stables
connected with the Simonton House, take pleasure in informing Travellers and the Public
generally, that we are prepared to

Hire Horses and Buggies,

AT REASONABLE RATES.

Persons wanting Conveyances can be ac-
commodated at any time, and sent to any
part of the country.

We pride ourselves on keeping gentle and
fast horses. Our Provender is of the best
quality, and the quantity left to the appetite
of the animal.

All is under the management of the Pro-
prietors, and no far need be entertained.

DR. Y. S. DEAN

Will attend all calls both in Town and Coun-
try. Office on College Avenue, opposite door
of the Printing Office.

Statesville, N. C. 2

DR. H. KELLY

Offers his professional services to the public.

Office on College Avenue, opposite the
Methodist Church, Statesville, N. C.

2

DR. A. A. LAURENCE

HAVING COMPLETED HIS
MEDICAL EDUCATION, and
located, *privately*, among them, respectfully presents his
claims to the patronage of his friends in Statesville and Irredell.

Statesville, March 8, 1859. 14-ff

W.M.S. TATE
BOSTON DENTIST.

GRAD. BALTO. DENTAL COLLEGE,

Is prepared to do

All kinds of Plate-work,

In the neatest and most desirable style, and
has all the late improvements known to
the Profession.

Teeth filled in the best possible manner.

Irregularity of the teeth, diseases of the
mouth and antrum successfully treated.

Communications, by mail or otherwise, will
receive prompt attention.

TERMS: Cash or note on completion of work.

Feb. 25.—12-ff

BLANKS

Feb. 27. 13-ff

STEVENSON & BOWEN,
[LATE STEVENSON, BOWEN, & NESMITH.]

Wholesale Dealers in

DRY GOODS,

HAVE ASSOCIATED WITH THEM

DANIEL M. ZIMMERMAN,

Formerly of LINCOLTON, N. C.,

And REMOVED to the large Store,

53 North 3d Street, below Arch,

PHILADELPHIA,

Where an **Increased Stock** will be
kept, and individuals offered equal to
any House in the Trade.

Jan. 28, 1859.—8-ff

JAS. W. DRAKE,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,

No. 13 St. Louis Street,

MOBILE, ALA.

Jan. 21, 1859.—7-ff

SIMONTON HOUSE.

The Subscribers having become lessees of this
spacious New Hotel, located near the

Public Square and Court House, in Statesville,

respectfully announce that they are prepared to

accommodate the traveling public and all
who may favor them with patronage, with
entertainment equal to any first-class Hotel
in the Union.

Mrs. M. A. WREN & SON.

July 3. 31-ff

WILSON & NEWHARD,

WATCHMAKERS

AND

JEWELERS,

STATESVILLE, N. C.

Keep constantly hand a large assortment
of Watchs and Jewelry of all kinds.

Clocks, Watchs and Jewelry of every sort,
supplied in the best manner and on the most
reasonable terms.

August 28, 1858.

FIRE INSURANCE.

The Subscriber having been appointed Agent

of the

CHARLOTTE

MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY

Of Charlotte,

Will receive and forward Applications for
Insurance against Loss and
Damage by Fire, on the principles of the
Company.

The Company is doing a prosperous business,
No call has ever yet been made for an in-
stalment on a premium note.

E. B. DRAKE,

Agent.

11-ff

HARNESS MAKING AT OLIN.

Weaver Brothers

Keep constantly on hand, at their Manufac-
tory in Olin, large assortment of

Harness, Bridles, Collars,

and everything usually kept in Harness

Establishments.

We earnestly invite all persons wishing to

purchase good harness, to give us a call before
buying elsewhere. By close application and
promptitude in business, we hope to share a
liberal patronage from a generous public.

Orders intended to compete with neatness and
dispatch. We have deposits of Harness at

Statesville, with J. W. Woodward; Liberty

Hill, with A. Feinster; County Line, with

Eedes & Co.; Jonesville, with Thos. T.

Maxwell. 44-ff

RAILROAD NOTICE!

TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

NEW, CHEAP AND EXPEDITIOUS ROUTE
FOR FREIGHT!

For the Interior of North Carolina.

MERCHANTS and others about purchas-
ing their Fall and Winter Supplies, are

requested to notice, that by the completion of the

North-Eastern Railroad from Charleston,

S. C., to Cheraw, the advantages of a

Cheaper and Expedited Route

from the Seaboard has been opened to them.

All freight consigned to the care of the

Agent of the North-Eastern Railroad will be
forwarded Free of Commission.

No charge will be made for Storage at Cle-
arance.

All goods will be taken care of in the
Agent's Warehouse, until sent for.

A schedule of charges for transportation of
freight will be found at the Post Office.

S. S. SOLOMONS,
Engineer & Superintendent.

37-ff

RAILROAD NOTICE!

AT THE ROWAN MILLS,

3,000 Bushels Good Wheat,

For which **Salisbury Cash Prices** will be
paid.

O. G. FOARD.

Nov. 5, 1858.

JENKINS & AYER

Take pleasure in informing the Public
that they are now ready to do any and all kinds
of Work in the

Boot and Shoe Line,

at their Shop in the basement of the "Simonton
House." All work Warranted. "Dick,"

is one of their workmen, and everybody
knows if he cannot make a "fit," "tame" to
use in anybody else trying. Call and leave

your measure. Terms moderate.

Statesville, Jan. 16.

LIVELY STABLE,

Statesville, N. C.

We having obtained the extensive Stables

connected with the Simonton House, take pleasure in informing Travellers and the Public
generally, that we are prepared to

Hire Horses and Buggies,

AT REASONABLE RATES.

Persons wanting Conveyances can be ac-
commodated at any time, and sent to any
part of the country.

We pride ourselves on keeping gentle and
fast horses. Our Provender is of the best
quality, and the quantity left to the appetite
of the animal.

All is under the management of the Pro-
prietors, and no far need be entertained.

DR. Y. S. DEAN

Will promptly attend all business intrusted
to his care in the Courts, (County and Su-
perior,) of Irredell and adjoining Counties.

January 1, 1859.—1-ff

DR. H. KELLY

Offers his professional services to the public.

Office on College Avenue, opposite the
Methodist Church, Statesville, N. C.

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DR. A. A. LAURENCE

HAVING COMPLETED HIS
MEDICAL EDUCATION, and
located, *privately*, among them, respectfully presents his